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TUESDAY, JULY 14, 1914.

Will the dove of peace ever come home to roost?

The charity which begins at home rarely goes abroad.

In the current lexicon of Mexico there is no such word as peace.

Looks as if certain Senators are making war on Warburg, doesn't it?

The alleged fusion in New York seems to be nothing but confusion.

Some men think they are reformers when they are simply disagreeable.

Louisiana is never happy unless she is airing some trouble before the public.

And in these modern days, sometimes, politics makes strange cell mates.

Zapata has killed a French subject. If he isn't careful he will get in Dutch.

It appears that some of the efficiency experts lack a good deal of that very thing.

To be a good listener will make you popular, but it is powerful hard work at times.

Japan objects to Congressman Raker's immigration bill, and no doubt also objects to Mr. Raker.

It is presumed that the new navy schools will have a course of lectures on the evils of alcohol.

Gov. Blaise must suspect that those North Carolina militiamen would vote against him if they had a chance.

The prize fight in London the other night seems to have been strictly a society affair. There was no rough stuff in it.

Said the governor of North Carolina about the governor of South Carolina—but they might not let it go through the mails.

But as a matter of fact, it is against nature for a Democrat to make a good diplomat. They are not built that way.

A British "fury" who had planned to blow up famous old St. John's Church, Westminster, was found sitting in a pew with a grained bomb at her feet. Of course, it was necessary to extinguish it in order to save the church.

If it is our policy to satisfy Colombia's demands, no matter what they may be, her representatives in Washington overlooked a bet when they failed to notify her of this generous spirit in time for her to add a few ciphers to that \$25,000,000.

Secretary Bryan undertakes to show that a \$25,000,000 payment and an apology to Colombia were contemplated by the Taft administration; but this sounds like a feeble explanation of the pending treaty, coming from an administration that prides itself on the overturning of practically all of the policies of its predecessor.

Business men all over the country are beginning to see a revival of prosperity, and nearly all of them give the enormous crops as the reason, the value of the principal grain crops being estimated at close to \$3,500,000,000, a sum sufficient, it would seem, to insure at least temporary prosperity, in spite of a destructive tariff. Still it must not be forgotten that next year we are sure of having the tariff, but not so sure of a phenomenal harvest.

Miss Kate Davis, New York's commissioner of correction, has decided to abolish black and white horizontal stripes on Blackwells Island where the prisoners have recently been engaged in riots. She has ordered new drab gray suits for them, such as are now in fashion in Sing Sing. It requires the feminine mind to discover and remove these little causes of discontent. Just because the Blackwells Island prisoners are men is no reason why they should be compelled to go about dressed in the styles of a year ago.

The bull kills the bull-fighter only a little more frequently than the calf kills the butcher, but Sunday was certainly a field day for the bulls. In Madrid the sword of one of the toreros was caught by the bull and tossed into the stand, killing a spectator, and a Mexican swordsman, after killing the first bull, was fatally gored by the second. In Barcelona a matador was seriously wounded. If the bulls are not more considerate in the future there will be danger of depopulating the "sport."

Senator Kern says a commission will be appointed at this session to revise the rules of the Senate so that legislation may be expedited. No doubt a simpler set of rules would accomplish much good, but when Senator Kern suggests that the Senate is becoming too deliberative he calls attention to a condition which, if it actually exists, calls for a remedy that must be absolutely safe and cautiously administered. The deliberative Senate of the Sixty-third Congress has been a bulwark for which the nation has cause to be thankful. Not even Senator Kern can contemplate the avalanche of half-baked and frenzied proposed legislation sent from House to Senate without realizing what danger has been averted by the deliberation of the legislative body of which he is a member.

Going Abroad with Our Products.

An important step in the national progress has been taken in the appointment of a foreign trade council, headed by James A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation, as a result of the Foreign Trade Convention held in Washington last May. Associated with Mr. Farrell as members of the council are two scores of the most eminent men in the country's industrial and commercial enterprises, chosen because they are peculiarly qualified and equipped for the great work of conquering the world's markets.

It is only in comparatively recent years that a very few of our great corporations have undertaken a systematic campaign organized on a large scale to discover and capture new markets for their products in the other hemisphere, and the result has been successful to a degree which has aroused producers generally to the possibilities awaiting an aggressive battle for trade abroad.

If any further incentive were needed it was furnished by the operation of the new tariff bill curtailing the markets at home and by the advice of Secretary of Commerce Redfield to the Foreign Trade Convention as to the way to meet this situation. Go and invade the markets of the world was the advice of Mr. Redfield to this great gathering of the country's business men, thus strengthening their purpose, already formed. The appointment of a foreign trade council, composed of the eminent business men whose names were published yesterday, marks the beginning of a great commercial expedition into the enemy's country to find customers for the products of the American workman.

Big business is necessarily the force behind the movement, and if it is to achieve all the success which is possible it must be given the full support of the government and the assistance of all its agencies. So long, at least, as our tariff permits the foreign manufacturer to sell his products here will it be necessary for the United States to find wider markets abroad for those products which it can place in successful competition with European products, and it is well that our manufacturers are alive to the situation and are proceeding intelligently to cope with it.

Kansas' Three-cent Income Tax.

A correspondent complains of The Herald's editorial on "Prosperity Without Income," and expresses the opinion that we have wronged the great State of Kansas by calling attention to the comparatively small amount of personal income tax reported as paid by the people of that Commonwealth, where they have \$100,000,000 wheat crops, billionaire corn crops and promise automobiles for every family. Our correspondent is assured that The Herald has no desire to wrong any man, or State, least of all the Kansas and Kansas.

Mr. F. D. Coburn, the secretary of agriculture for Kansas, and William Allen White, who have led the Kansas boomers, have, for years, been trying to wipe out the old impression in the East that Kansas is poor. They have shown by figures that Kansas is the richest State in the Union, has the greatest wheat and corn crops, the fattest cattle and hogs that "make both ends meet," the largest bank deposits, and the highest per capita wealth known anywhere in the civilized world. Secretary Coburn, in a recent address, advised a bunch of tenderfeet from the East not to talk in condescending manner of the "toiling masses" to the Kansas man in overalls, and added: "It might interest you to later ascertain that he has 1,000 acres of fat land and enough good, hard corn in the first National to buy and sell you and forget to tell his wife about it. Walk softly in Kansas, for there the law of appearances has gone glimmering."

We have accepted Secretary Coburn and William Allen White as authorities on Kansas, and when they advise the poor provincial inhabitants of Manhattan Island to tread softly in Kansas where they might meet men in overalls who could buy and sell them and forget to tell their wives about it, we looked to see these cautions confirmed by the income tax returns. But the men from New York City, alone, paid \$11,348,000 individual income tax, or an average of more than \$2 a head for the whole population of Greater New York, while the Kansans, who could buy and sell them, paid \$40,950,111, or an average of less than 3 cents a head for the population of the State. Perhaps it would not be regarded as excess of zeal should the tax collectors undertake to ascertain whether the forgetfulness in great financial transactions, to which Secretary Coburn calls attention somewhat boastfully, is reflected in the figures.

In these days of statistics, it is less confusing if those from the State statisticians agree with those of the Secretary of the Treasury, in matters of incomes, bank accounts, etc. We, therefore, hope that Secretary Coburn is right in his repeated assertions that Kansas is the richest State in the Union, and that this will be confirmed by the returns on the individual income tax. We all know Kansas' aversion to corporations and do not expect any large return from the State from that tax.

Potomac Park for Army-Navy Game.

Potomac Park, in the Capital of the Nation, stands alone as ideal fighting ground for the cadets of West Point and Annapolis in their historic annual football contest. The action of the Secretary of War in notifying Congress that there is no objection to the use of the park would seem to insure the bringing of the game to Washington next fall, and it may be safely assumed that the experiment will be so successful from every standpoint that Potomac Park will be the scene of the contest for many years to come.

Congress can hardly fail to grant the necessary authority which will mean the bringing to Washington of a throng of people exceeding in numbers only by that coming to witness a Presidential inauguration. There will be no difficulty in providing the necessary seating arrangements and the managers of the contest may count on the assistance and co-operation of the people of Washington, whose duty it will be to provide generously for the comfortable accommodation of the hosts of visitors, a great many of whom will no doubt avail themselves of the opportunity to spend a day or two in the Capital.

The selection of Potomac Park will solve a problem for the football teams and the managers of the contest and will benefit Washington tremendously.

The Lesson at Panama.

A magazine editor, a photographer, an aviator and a writer were arrested at San Francisco for taking pictures of, and writing and publishing things about, the Panama Canal fortifications. Their purpose was to show the futility of forts and guns as defenses against aerial attacks with dynamite bombs. Incidentally, they succeeded in showing the futility of the anti-spy law, for violation whereof they were arrested. What they did could be as easily done by a crew of aviators from a hostile battleship, and the latter would not take pictures, but hurl bombs. Advance photographs would be neither necessary nor useful, the vulnerable points would have to be found at the time of attack.—Public Ledger.

The Virtues.

By JOHN D. BARRY.

In an obscure corner the virtues gathered. They were humbly dressed. They moved in silence, as if afraid of disturbing the world. The light that streamed from their faces showed that they were beautiful; but as the people hurried by in the streets no one seemed to notice.

"It is Saturday night," whispered Patience. "Soon the workers will have rest. For a day they will be free. Then their toll will begin again." She sighed. "How good they are. I sometimes wonder if I haven't done them a great wrong."

"Why, sister?" asked Humility. "If you did not inspire them they would suffer all the more and their burdens would be harder to bear."

Patience shook her head. "I sometimes think that but for me, they might throw off their yoke. They might possess themselves of their inheritance."

Faith, noble of bearing, her eyes like flame, spoke up. "You must not lose heart," she said. "Can you not see that they are all learning? Each day carries them nearer the goal. Before they enter into their inheritance they must be ready. Otherwise, they would be like the despoilers. What a calamity if they were to pay for victory at the cost of all they had learned through their suffering!"

Sincerity, her calm features showing perfect self-control, quietly interposed, "If we could only protect them from the false leaders that try to make them believe they can be helped by the evil passion. As if evil could ever lead to good."

"Yes, they have been betrayed so often," said Patience. "No wonder they turn away from us at times. When they are in pain, we seem to have so little to offer them. And yet it is then they are most in need of our help. There is a mother in the street below that I have been trying to speak to all day long. She will not listen. Last week her husband was killed at his work. When they took him home to her she did not seem to understand. She gathered her children about her and she looked on while the neighbors placed the body on the bed. For a long time she did not speak a word. Then she pointed to the children and said, 'What is to become of them?' They told her to be patient and she cried out and said dreadful words. Since the funeral she has been like one distracted. If I only knew her, to give her comfort."

Courage, towering above them in his might, said in a low voice, "She is growing quick. They always do after the first few days. They wear themselves out. She is thinking of what she must do for her children. The company her husband worked for since he was a child will do nothing. So she must go out to work now."

"I have been whispering to her," said Thrift. "I have told her what she must do. Before her marriage she was a factory hand. She was stronger then. Child-bearing and privation have weakened her. But the world she has given four children to has nothing to offer her in return except the chance to earn barely enough to keep the children from starving. However, I will help her. I know the man who used to be her foreman. He is one of the owners now. I will remind him that she was one of his most faithful workers. I will make him see that it will pay him to take her back." Thrift turned to the shrinking figure at her side. "I have learned so much from you, Humility. But for your help I should be cast down with shame."

"What have you to be ashamed of?" Humility asked, standing beside Chastity and Modesty.

"I am ashamed of what has been done to me in the world. So often I have been changed into a vice. Once that factory-owner was my friend and disciple. I led him into the ways that made him grind the poor for his own advantage. That is only one of many sorrows I have had where the children of men have turned my lessons into lessons of greed. They have drawn me closer to you, Humility. Perhaps they have kept me from the sin of pride."

Courage burst out laughing. "Hold up your head, Thrift," he exclaimed. "Have confidence. You don't happen to be in favor just now in the world of men; but you have your place just the same. You make people think about the future, not merely their own future, but their children's. You inspire their energy. You sharpen their wits. It is not your fault if they turn your counsel into evil. Haven't you learned that evil and good live together in the human heart? Don't you find evil wherever you go? And don't you know it's the greatest coward if the world? Look it straight in the face, and it will sink into a corner or fly away."

For a moment Humility lifted her head and ventured to look into the face of Courage. "How wonderful you are!" she said. "I am not nearly so wonderful as you are, Humility," cried Courage, laughing. "I am always getting people into trouble. I sometimes think that if I would only let people alone they would be better off without me."

The remark made the lovely face of Modesty, standing apart from the others, shine all the more brightly.

Courage glanced from Modesty to Humility and Chastity. "I have learned a lot from you three. You can all do wonders that are beyond me. You have come to my rescue on many an occasion. Modesty, and you have never looked for any credit. And Chastity, it is marvelous how you have kept your place in the world, in spite of the efforts to drive you out."

"It is because women are the defenders of the race," Chastity replied, "because they know it is their sacred function to protect and safeguard the coming generations. They have been made to suffer for the better day is coming. When the service will be understood and rewarded. Humility was shaking her head. "No one cares for me nowadays. I am often very lonely. Even the poor are casting me out."

"You must wait," said Patience. "The time is coming when they will appreciate you again and love you." And Courage added, "Remember, the others need you just as much, perhaps more, than those who have lost the meaning of life in their devotion to material things."

"It is inequality that is driving us out of the world," whispered Modesty. "It degrades those who have too much and those who have too little. Even the women are denying me know. When the fashion changes to immodesty they follow like slaves. They make me feel as if I were a mere convention."

"The reason is that they are blind," Patience explained. "They cannot see that immodesty changes their charm into ugliness."

"Yes," Courage remarked, "all the children of men are living in an imaginary world, not nearly so glorious as reality. They are stumbling and blundering and tearing at one another. Let us go back to our task. Let us vanquish the forces of evil!"

"Softly," said Patience. "Already we have done great harm by being too zealous. Let us remember that the world was not made in a day. Our task is long."

"We must trust in the greatest of all powers," said Faith, "loveliest of all the figures, spoke for the first time. 'And let us try to forget,' she said, in a voice almost inaudible and yet carrying its message unmistakably, 'that those who are doing so much harm believe that they are doing right.'"

"And let us not be too sure that we are right ourselves," warned Humility.

They all rose together, their tattered garments trailing behind them and talking on a strange beauty in the light of the stars.

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HISTORY BUILDERS.

The Actual Truth About Andrew Johnson.

(Written especially for The Herald.)

By DR. R. S. EDWARDS.

In the spring of 1864, Charles A. Dana visited Washington and made a party made up of two or three intimate friends. As he rode about taking notes of the improvements which had transformed Washington to Johnson he was in the days when he was Assistant Secretary of War into one of the most beautiful cities of the world he occasionally became reminded of speaking to his friends of some of those with whom he had been associated in the administration of President Lincoln.

It occurred to me to ask Mr. Dana if there was any truth in the report that Andrew Johnson was not always prudent in the use of stimulants.

"I am certain," Mr. Dana replied, "that grave injustice was done to Johnson. It was partly his own fault. He was a strange compound. He was not always in control of good judgment, and this weakness was displayed conspicuously when he delivered impromptu, offhand or unprepared addresses. Then he was so extravagant and vindictive and made use of foul and coarse expressions that he was sometimes suspected to have been under the influence of stimulants. But that was not true. I have talked to many of those who were in close daily association with him and they have without exception told me that he was an abstemious man with respect to alcoholic drink, being practically a total abstainer. Sometimes it was suspected that he occasionally made use of some narcotic drug, but if there were such a time when he was in poor health he was not in good health most of the time he was in the Presidency. His cabinet by their seven children, very sensitive that he would give away completely under the strain."

"But what I like best to think about in relation to Johnson is the tolerance, kindness, and good-will which President Lincoln displayed toward Johnson. There were a number of the intimate friends of Johnson who were in the city at the time of the annual convention of the Typographical Union met in this city today. The attendance in session until Friday. The attendees included delegates from Calgary, Edmonton, Moose Jaw, Regina, Saskatoon and several other cities."

The meeting will discuss a proposal to extend the jurisdiction of the organization to cover the whole of Western Canada.

Ever Hear of Such Things?

Hoboken, N. J., July 12.—Ordered by three footpads to throw up his hands.

James M. Campbell, a traveling salesman, told the trio he was from Missouri, and they would have to show him. The thieves did so, after which they took his coat, vest, money and jewelry.

New York, July 12.—To prove their relative strength, Mrs. Mary Flynn, who weighs 130 pounds, and Mrs. Elizabeth Weir, weighing 200, decided to hold each other in turns up a rope attached to a pulley. Mrs. Flynn lost her grasp when Mrs. Weir was ten feet above the ground. The latter fell and suffered a fractured ankle.

Haverstraw, N. Y., July 12.—Robbers moved a bed in which Mrs. Eugene Bowman was sleeping from one end of the room to another in order to ransack the place more easily.

"TYPES" AT MEDICINE HAT.

Medicine Hat, Alberta, July 12.—The first annual convention of the Saskatchewan and Alberta conference of Typographical Unions met in this city today and will continue in session until Friday.

The attendees included delegates from Calgary, Edmonton, Moose Jaw, Regina, Saskatoon and several other cities.

The meeting will discuss a proposal to extend the jurisdiction of the organization to cover the whole of Western Canada.

THE WAR DAY BY DAY
Fifty Years Ago.

July 14, 1864—Confederate Cavalry, Under Gen. N. B. Forrest, Attacked a Superior Force of Federals Near Tupelo, Miss., and Were Defeated in a Desperate Two-Hour Struggle.

Fifty years ago today a body of Confederate cavalry, under the celebrated trooper, Gen. Nathan B. Forrest, attacked a superior force of Federals near Tupelo, Miss., and were defeated in a desperate two-hour struggle.

The attack of the Confederates was one of the most gallant in the minor operations of the war. In the battle of the night small bodies of men, worn by ceaseless campaigning and sweating under a torrid sun, charged the Federals over a field red with the blood of their comrades and strewn with dead and dying. With no shelter from a deadly rain of shot and shell they struggled heroically to gain a foothold within the Union lines. Whole brigades were shattered and regiments were stripped of their officers.

In the North this battle, known as that of Tupelo or Harrisburg, Miss., was hailed as a greater victory than it really was. For, in spite of the terrible losses inflicted by the Federals, the honors of the day must go to the men in gray. They fought an offensive fight in the open, whereas the Federals were sheltered by strong works; and at the close of the day, when the Confederates after their repulse prepared to meet a counter-attack, they were left in peace. The next morning, instead of renewing the battle, the Federals withdrew toward Memphis, Tenn., whence they had come, leaving the enemy in possession of the field.

Out to Defeat Forrest.

The battle was the climax of a movement designed to prevent Gen. Forrest from riding from Mississippi into middle Tennessee and cutting the communication of Gen. W. T. Sherman's army operating against Atlanta, Ga. Two earlier expeditions had been sent by the Federals to drive him back, but both had been routed by the wary Confederate leader.

On June 16 Gen. Sherman had ordered General J. Smith, who was at Memphis en route from the Red River, to join the army in Georgia, to move against Forrest, "devastating the land over which he has passed," to "make him and the people of Tennessee and Mississippi realize that, although a bold, daring, and successful leader, he will find ruin and misery on any country where he may pause or tarry." Sherman added that "if we do not punish Forrest and the people of Tennessee and Mississippi for their past conduct, we will be regarded as cowards."

Pursuant to orders, Gen. Smith left La Grange, forty-five miles east of Memphis, on July 1, with a command of about 14,000 cavalry, infantry, and artillery, with twenty-four guns. Skirmishing heavily with Gen. Forrest's outposts, this force entered Pontotoc, Miss., sixty miles south of La Grange, on July 11, and, remaining there a day, moved east toward the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, fifteen miles distant, where it was to be met by Gen. Forrest's main force.

During the day Gen. Forrest's command delivered several attacks upon the Federal rear guard, but each time was repulsed with considerable loss. Gen. Smith refused to halt to fight a general engagement. Instead, he pushed steadily east toward the town of Pontotoc, on the railroad, and halted for the night in a strong position near the village of Harrisburg, about a mile from his objective. There the Federals threw up round defenses on a ridge facing the west, toward Pontotoc, from which direction the Confederate attacks had come.

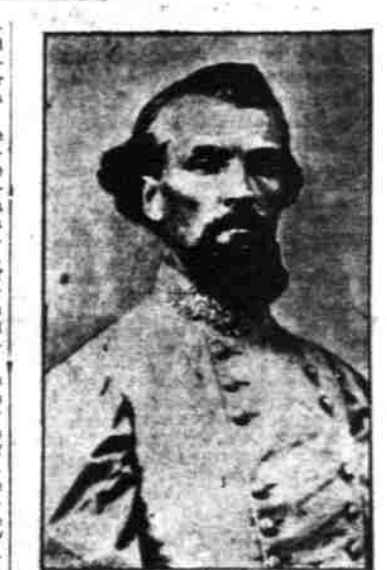
A Desperate Struggle.

Before 5 o'clock, July 14, the Confederates, having come into position, opened the engagement. They had formed their line in a series of nearly a half-mile in front of the Federals and separated from them by an open field.

OPHELIA'S SLATE.



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MAJ. GEN. N. B. FORREST, C. S. A.
(From a war-time photo in the Massachusetts Legion collection.)

The force numbered about 800 men, including about 2,000 infantry, mostly State militia, and excluding some 2,000 horse holders, who took no part in the fighting.

Forrest's men fought dismounted. All were in command of Gen. Stephen D. Lee, head of the Confederate Department of Alabama, Mississippi, and East Louisiana, who had joined Gen. Forrest on July 12. Gen. Lee took position on the left of the line, and agreeing with Forrest as to the time for opening the engagement, sent him to direct the fighting on the right.

Both men had misjudged the time necessary for Forrest to set to his station, and while he was still in the process of doing so, Lee gave the order for the left of the line to charge the Federals.

"Without co-ordination or concert of action between the different portions of the assaulting line, and without proper control, even of the separate commands, one brigade after another, in isolated rushes, precipitated itself against the Federals, who were in a position of exceedingly strong position and was dashed to pieces," wrote Wyeth, Forrest's biographer.

Forrest's Kentucky brigade, not 600 men, under Col. Edward Crossland, rode across the open field alone in the face of the entire Federal command, Canister shot and grape tore through its ranks, mowed down its men, yet it never faltered. Up to the works it dashed, and some of the men plunged over them. Others were cut down at pistol range. The bulk were tossed back, leaving 27 killed or wounded and 30 captured.

As this brigade withdrew under the Federal fire others advanced, and they, too, were cut to pieces. All was confusion on the field. Small groups of men rushed forward, to return no more. Confederate batteries were swept with a storm that killed the horses, cut down the gunners, and rendered them practically useless for protection to the troops.

Losses in Two Hours.

In two hours the Confederates were done fighting. Their losses as given by Gen. Forrest in his report were 210 killed and 1,115 wounded, among the former being Col. Inham Harris and Lieut. Col. Thomas M. Nelson of the Sixth Mississippi Regiment. Every colonel in the Confederate force was either killed or wounded. The Federals reported taking about 40 prisoners, making the total Confederate loss 1,285.

The Federals lost 7 killed, 439 wounded, and 25 captured, a total of 671. Col. Alexander Wilkin of the Ninth Minnesota Regiment was among the killed.

Had the Federals followed up their success Gen. Forrest's command might have been rendered of little further value to the Confederacy, but they camped for the night, and the following morning, after damaging the Mobile and Alabama Railroad and burning some houses in Harrisburg, started the return journey to Memphis.

Not satisfied, the Confederates hung upon the Union flanks, inflicting considerable injury during the march. The next day, July 16, they met the Confederates supposed the Federals had sustained greater losses at Harrisburg than previously had been supposed. This gave them grounds for claiming that the Union expedition had been defeated and now was retreating.

(Copyright, 1914.)

Tomorrow, Gen. Early back across the Potomac.

Doings of Society

Gen. Tanaka, of the general staff of the Japanese army, concluded a four days' visit to Washington yesterday, when he left for New York accompanied by his traveling companion, Dr. Minagawa. They will go west via Niagara Falls and make a two days stop in Chicago en route to the Pacific Coast. Gen. Tanaka was host at a handsomely appointed dinner at the Hotel on Sunday evening when the Japanese Ambassador and the entire Embassy staff were his guests.

The Ambassador to Russia and Mrs. George Mayne were dinner guests last evening of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus, of San Francisco, who are temporarily at the Ritz-Carlton. The company planned an all fresco supper in Rock Creek Park and changed to meet the weather conditions, included old California friends of the hosts and the guests of honor. Mr. and Mrs. Mayne expect to leave for California on Thursday, but will return to their Washington home for a short stay before sailing for St. Petersburg.

The golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Eckhardt was made at the ceremony which took place in St. Paul's English Lutheran Church, June 12, 1864. Mrs. Eckhardt, at that time being Miss Sarah Ellen, Mrs. Eckhardt has been married all these years to John Eckhardt, Jr., all of whom are living in Washington.

The hostess, who was a bride at eighteen, and is extremely well preserved and comely, wore a gown of white silk made in soft graceful lines that were dignified and modish.

The company limited to the family connection and a few old friends included among the latter Mr. George Ellen and Mrs. John Froelich, the bride attendants at the ceremony which took place in St. Paul's English Lutheran Church, June 12, 1864. Mrs. Froelich at that time being Miss Sarah Ellen, Mrs. Eckhardt has been married all these years to John Eckhardt, Jr., all of whom are living in Washington.

The bride and groom of fifty years ago who have passed all their married life in Washington, and most of it in the home they now occupy, received their friends in a recast of summer foliage and roses, and were the guests of honor at the family party which Mrs. William F. Dismar and Mrs. D. N. Klapp, Dr. John C. Eckhardt and the Messrs. Cornish, Joseph, Frederick and Nicholas Eckhardt, Jr., all of whom are living in Washington.

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